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The Findlay Teffersonian.

Vol. 20.

FINDLAY, OHIO, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1875.

No. 43.

BOURSON WHISKY.

s now known as the Cumberland valley,

was the great whisky district of the coun-

try. It was very sparely settled. All the

grains that were grown, save a scant

supply for provender for the live stock

and food for the inhabitants, was distill-

ed into whiskey, upon what is now

known as the "sour-mash, hand-made,

copper-distilled plan." Soon a large de-

mand for these whiskies sprang up in

Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the

supply being limited, a "ring" was form-

ed, a "corner" made, and the goods put

up at high figures. The National Gov

ernment, then as now, was hard pressed

for revenue. Repudiation was then

staring it in the face, and it was without

noney at home or credit abroad. A

happy thought struck the Congressional

delegation from New England, It was

as it would not tax their constituents

a dollar-to levy a tax of \$500 on each

still that was used for manufacturing

spirits. These ideas were enacted into

laws. The following season, revenue

officers were sent out from Washington

to assess and collect the tax. The dis-

tillers previously met, formed a union,

and upon the arrival of the officers de

tied them to put their laws into force.

The officers, upon their arrival in the

surrectionary district, seeing they

ould not execute the law, and fearing

the loss of their lives, returned in haste

to Washington. By this time the season

was far advanced, and it was decided

upon the part of the authorities to wait

for the beginning of the next season, be-

ore again attempting to enforce the col-

lection of the tax. The following fall

officials, backed up then, as now, by the

ever ready "troops," set out on the mis

sion again. They arrived at the antici-

pated seenes of their trouble in due time.

but they met with an unexpected disap-

pointment. The distillers had decided

that there was to be no more distillation

until the law was repealed. The officers,

after having marched up hill, again

narched down. Thus ended the rebel-

Many of the old frontiersmen, tired of

being harrassed in front by the Govern-

ment, and in the rear by the Indians,

determined to plunge boldly into the

man named Shawhan. He had a large

family, was well to do, and, packing

everything that he had that was neces-

sary for such a life-long expedition into

a wagon, he set across the mountains.

He took with him the cause of his re-

several children, were busily engaged in

Bourbon county, Kentucky, on Town-

send creek, erecting temporary cabins to

shelter them during the winter. The

country was full of wild animals and

By tast and skill they avoided coming

nto contact with the savages. When

In Pennsylvania they called whisky

"Monongahela," it being called after

the country in which it was manufactur-

e.I. Shawhan, following the same ex-

ample, called the whisky made by him

The third year out the father died, and

then it devolved upon his son to earry

on the business. He became industrious,

their little farm was soon extended and

assumed respectable size. The excel-

lence of his whiskies soon gave them a

wide reputation, and the large emigra-

tion kept up a heavier demand than

could be supplied. He, however, bent

his energies to his work, increased his

capacities as a distiller, and "Bourbon"

oon became a household word. Joseph

Shawhan died recently at the age of

eighty-five. He left property valued a

apwards of a quarter of a million of dol-

lars. In some future papers we may

take this subject up again, and show

how and by whom "Bourbon" is manu-

MISSED THEIR CAME.

How some railroad gamblers came to

grief is told by the Virginia City (Nev.)

Enterprise: These men, it says, are

usually excellent judges of character, and

are seldom mistaken in their man.

Sometimes, however, their judgment is

at fault, and the apparent fly they en-

tice into their parlors proves to be a

tarantula: The other day at Battle

Mountain, they allured a German, from

the East, who exhibited a large roll of

greenbacks on the platform, into the

spider's nest. The "drunken man" was

on a big spree when the expected victim

entered, and was losing money at every

bet. The German declined to bet, and

to yet him in the notion one of the cap

pers gave him a \$20 piece on which to

try his luck. He placed it on a card and

won. Pocketing the \$40 he refused to

bet again, and walked out of the house

followed by the cappers, who insisted on

getting the money back. The German

drew a large-sized revolver from his

pocket, and assuming a defiant attitude

said: "You speak to me I put you so

full of holes you don't know what you

am. I am an old Californian, and know

all about your tricks. You take me for

an emigrant, you make fools mit your

selves." The three cappers discovered

that they had caught a tartar as they

saw their would-be-victim board the

aboard" and left them lamenting.

rain as the conductor shouted stall

Among the most singular features

of the moon are the cracks or fissures

which appear on its surface. These ra-

ally from the center of a volcano. They

miles wide, and of a depth so great that

no telescope has yet been able to pene-

trate its abysses. They appear to have

heavals.

are of vast extent, one of them being six

factured to-day. - The People,

after the county in which his new home

was situated. "Bourbon."

Doelica?

THE DIFFERENCE. BY ELIZABETH STODDARD

This is the path, there stands the tree And on the rocks the shadows play And here we met, and I shall be As blest as on that blessed day.

Now Nature knows-did she not rise That day and hearken to our troth: Made in the haste of love's surprise. And happy secrets tell to both?

Besides the spell of looks and words, There were sweet whispers from our tree From bough and brake sang back the birds, The grasses owned the mystery.

and cowering woman opened it.

noticing my breathless haste.

in by her with the explanation:

"Is there any chance to hide here

up dry and red in the east, when she

nechanically closed the door behind

me, before I had finished my explana-

"No, no; there is no place," she gasp-

ed, her quick ear now catching the

sound of the coming horsemen. "This

is all the room there is and there's nei-

"But this?" I exclaimed, rushing for

"It's a coffin," was her quick response;

'but there's no other chance—they are

I had barely time to place myself in

this receptacle for the dead, when a

hoarse voice-one that I knew by the

description which I had had of it, called

The woman threw her apron over her

"He hasn't come back yet," returned

"Oh, he ain't - Jen hev ye hurd a hoss

"Yes, only a little while ago-a small

"I guess," she said, and then paused,

"It's Stauffer's coffin. Dick is going

ay-buzzards are the sextons for the

The woman sort of groaned, and then

"What shall I do? what shall I do?"

despairing tones - "he's Bill Wolf's

I was out of the coffin in a trice then:

"Stay, there's the rain barrel," said I.

"Is there water enough out there,

"I'll see," she returned, moving slowly

over the door-sill, and then leaping to

the cask she lifted out the tub and

tipped my prison over a little so that I

when Dick came to she door, and chir-

rapped his beast up to the tub to drink.

he said, as two of them came out wit

the coffin and slid it into the body of the

wagon. They then stepped back, prob-

'I'll go with you as far as the forks,'

Jen, to drink his horse?"

ably to call the others.

in desperation, "they've tried that once,

"It's death for you anyway,"

you may well believe.

they may not again."

ax les alrendy."

finally go away with the remark:

"Yes-driving like the devil."

ther cellar nor attic "

"Here you, Dick?"

"Where's Dick?"

the woman.

apartment.

spoke of my retreat.

likes of him "

to carry it over to-night."

go by to-night?"

head and opened the door.

a dark object in the corner.

turning up to the door-get in "

weet fern and briers along the wall Sent message by the steadfast wind; After we heard the blue sea call -All things and we were of one mind

o blessing comes - he is not here-Thus all is changed, nor shall I see How Nature makes herself so dear Till he returns to her and me! -Harper's Magazine for February

Miscellaneous.

THE LONE CABIN.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

I had ridden hard and fast, and was stonished to find myself coming into a straggling settlement. On the course which I should have taken there was nothing of the sort. Somewhere I had crossed the right trail and taken the wrong one. Almost any traveler in the border sections would have been glad to thus stumble upon a place for food and refreshment. Not so with myself. In the breast pocket of my coat I carried five thousand four hundred and ninety odd dollars, United States money. I had received this amount from Major General T. M. Lacy, and it was to be carried through to L- and placed in the hands of Colonel Asa F. Southard, to

defray necessary army expenses. "Get through at your best gait, Carnes," said the major, the money is long since over due, and Southard's rather irascible temper must have been tried to the utmost. You know how the soldiers get to growling if Uncle Sam is at all delinquent in paying up. Ride in a careless manner, but be very careful. I don't think that any one dreams of the the mail agent and the clerk who de livered me the package,"

I was directed over an unfamiliar see tion, hence my losing of the right route. I considered it my safest plan, so long as I had blundered upon the verge of the settlement, to boldly enter and rest as an ordinary traveler would do. Should I push harriedly on I might by that very

There were only two men in the bar com when I entered: the landlord and the hostler. Under his familiar cordiality the landlord furtively eyed me in a conner that made me wish I was well done with my job, but I reassured myself with the thought that it was the consciousness of the responsibility reposing upon me that agused his glances to dis-

Before I had finished my supper two gore travelers rode up, called out for he hostler, and ordered drinks, or rather one of them came in with the orders, and the other throw himself on a bench outside and began loading a huge pipe,-Strolling carelessly about the room, m maged to glance out of the window. My heart leaped into my throat, for the nan outside-I recognized-from description of him-Bill Wolf-one of the most desperate characters that ever figured in the annals of border rufflanism There was the huge red mustache, the thick, hairy throat, and the shoulders hunched up around his head, suggesting the shape of a mammoth clain-and the voice with a deep down intenation like the plop, plop, plop of water hurriedly eaving a jug. If the description of the

notorious renegade is inelegant, it has the cask and stealing down into the arid he merit of truthfulness, and must, soil, and I was in the barrel, and the woman dropping a tub half filled with I went through with my supper water in at the top as a cover. form, but whatever appetite I might She had barely time to enter the house, have felt on my entrance into the inn, the door of which, fortunately, opened had vanished with my discovery. After on the side away from the moon, when a time the other fellow came in, having a rattling vehicle drew up at the door, been out, he said, to look after the ani and I heard a hoarse voice raving and muls, and they also ordered supper,swearing at the woman for something Now was my time to leave, which I did done or undone, and then from the in a careless manner, passing some combunghole, the plug having been dismon place remarks with the two men as lodged in the upsetting of the cask, I I crossed the dim, smoky bar-room. As saw the furious return of the three ronethey seemed to take no notice of me, whatever, I felt my spirits rise with hope There was a good deal of loud talking. that I should make a safe transit. It was and explanations, and oaths, and stirquite duskish outside, but the hostler ring up of hot nectar, and rough rewas flitting about the stable with his marks about the cistern in the corner: lantern, which emitted but a little more but Dick and the woman both seemed effalgent light than a white bean would sore about the matter, and the man perhave done, but he graciously brought emptorily refused to join in the hunt out my steed at the order, and, mountbecause of the coffin. ing, I thankfully trotted away. The "Well, you're going our way a piece," moon-a little past the full-would make said Wolf, "likely enough you'll have her debut in little more than an hour afthe fun of seeing us wing the turkey." ter sunset, and I pushed along at a smart The conversation was distressingly trot so as to get well out upon the plains personal, made acutely so by Dick ashand into the right trail before that time

The animal went along at an assuring gait, and I was feeling influitely relieved at my providential escape from contact with the desperate characters whom I had left at the settlement, when my acute, trained, ever alert cars detected the sound of swift riding. In which direction? From behind me, as the mildly floating breeze led from that quarter .-The face of the prairie in this section was a little rolling, but not so as to afford any shelter, and not a shrub or bush dotted the expanse for many miles.

I drew up my horse one moment to listen. No chance travelers ever ride like that. It meant pursuit.

At that moment a wild and desperate plan entered my brain, but feeling for I gave my stead a galling lash and she | my knife I found that it was missing, | way. For a brief time the desperado broke into a convulsive gait, hove her along with the belt to which it was at- wrestled with the animal, lashed, goadtached. In the sudden jostle which the bled, going down from her knees to her falling steed had given me, the girdle jerky whistle-call kept her mind and they should venture upon the lake's surnose, and pitched me literally heels over had then snapped and lost without my head towards me. He only gave up the face; when one of them suggested that head. For an instant I was paralyzed with astonishment, the next I seized the bit to fetch up the fallen animal, which them-were hitched on the further side had in the brief mishap undergone a strange metamorphosis. She had lost ber white face on or in the grass, and, passing my hand between her eyes, I found upon them. It was suicide to attempt the hair was wet. In an instant I was seizing one of them; but as the woman examining the white legs-my horse had with some purpose in her mind sang out been peculiary marked with white legs to the men to come back and get the last

seized the only alternative. I sprang | up the savages to commit more than one lightly into the wagon, lifted the coffin er animal gotten up to exactly represent lid, and again erawled into the long par-

mine in the evening. This discovery There was no chance. The flood of brought an appalling interpretation of the oncoming horsemen. I gave the noonlight had swept so far towards my horse the whip as soon as his unstable hiding-place that only a part of my body legs were well under him, and sent him was concealed by the barrel, and I knew seogrice on ahead, while I ran off to the discovery was inevitable, for the man's light, making for a hollow near a shalhorse stood in such a position that in row, dry ravine. Here to my profound order to recover the reins he must have astonishment I discovered a lone cabin, trodden upon me: and there was no earthly thing as far as the eve could or but, about the dimensions of an ordinary country log house, and impulsivereach over the plain, behind which a man could hide. Ah, but what if he ly dashing up to this, I gave a rapid succession of knocks. A shrinking, pale, should re-adjust his freight? Can you think how my heart pumped away at "What is it?" was her first question, the thought. You wonder what my plan could be? I had none, other than the hope of having only one man to deal Had I stopped for a moment's reflec tion upon the strangely isolated position with, if he went on his way as he calcu of the cabin, I should not have pushed lated. The three ruffians were mounted and all were about to start, when the woman ran out with some sort of a my horse has thrown me, and I believe blanket and muttered something about a party of desperadoes are close up with covering the coffin. The man yelled out for her to mind her own business and let I noticed that the moon was coming

the thing alone. She retreated with the cloth, but sh had accomplished her purpose. In its folds she had concealed a bowie knife: under its cover she had raised the lid and the weapon fell inside, risking giving me a cut as it fell upon me: but in the momentary noise and confusion had got the weapon in my hand, and with its point raised the heavy lid of the rough box the fraction of an inch so that breathing was easy if my position was

The three horsemen spread out, remark ing to each other: "Beat up the game now speedily, before, by any miracle, he gets into the wooded belt by Bugord's

They continued to halloo at each oth er for some time: their liberal potations urmounting their discretion. "Dick," they called back as they were

driving off, "a cool twelve hundred piece; throw out your old shell and join The driver mumbled something, but

the whisky had thickened his speech so that it was unintelligible to me. If he did attempt to move the coffin They kept within bailing distance fo

the length of some three or more miles

Dick smashing the heavy wagon along 'you can hear the horse now," feigning at a stunning gait; and I expected every But Bill Wolf must have been of a moment that my shell would be jostled suspicious nature. I heard him leap out. from his horse and strike upon the sod. By and by there was a shout off to the man had sighted the quarry Nothing stone hearth. I could imagine Bill's atsitude-he had a hand on each doorbut an unwarrantable amount of liquo could-have influenced them to conduct the room: he was peering about the themselves as they did, for no sooner

had they called out from the right, than "What in hell is that?" he questioned, Dick came to a sudden halt, leaped from and my heart stood still, for I knew he the sent, and ran off towards those who For one instant my heart stopped beat ing at the thought of the hazard which "Stuff! as he made his bed, so let him I was about to run. The next moment sprang from the coffin to the ground. A few lightning-like strokes, and I had

severed the traces and the holdbacks of

heard Wolf go up and joggle the rain arrel at the corner of the cabin and The whole scene is vividly pictured i my mind. The moonlight prairie, the "He ain't fur off; he couldn't stick to little ravine towards which the rene that blind critter when he began ter gades were dashing, the wagon standing in the trail-then the rattling of the falling thills reached the ears of the gasped the woman; "they will be back party, and with a wild shout they turned in twenty minutes, for I believe that towards me. I was on the horse's back your horse is in sight, not more than but boldly deflued by the moonlight three-quarters of a mile off, and my hus-There was a sharp report of two rifles, band is liable to come at any moment." I felt a sting in my foot, another in my shoulder, but the horse was unharmed "But with him inside the house we and the race of life began, "With HO!" she emphasized it in

There was a disheartening disadvant age for me, for I had no saddle, but was riding for my life, and I held my steed between my kaees, and took the broad trail with the fury of a tornado. But the issue would rest mostly with the moaned, "for I hear the rattle of Dick's horses. I knew nothing of the one which I rode; I knew nothing of those that were pursuing me, excepting my own white-faced mare. She could run like an antelope and out-wind a hurri-

And before you would be able to speak sentence, the water was dashed out of On and on and on my steed I desper ately spurred with the point of my knife, bore ahead, actually causing me to gasp for breath; and not two bundred yards in the rear rode my would-be-murderers. On the rolling prairie now, and my

animal took the declivities with a plunge, and the elevations with a sure fierce stride-across the brawling ford-but crack came another rifle echo, and again a stream of fire seemed to strike my shoulder. They were closing in-closing up. I could now make out only two horsemen following. One of these had disaharged his rifle at me, the other I knew was held in rest for them to com

A momentary dizziness lopped me over upon my horse's neck. The rufflans yelled triumphantly behind, but a distant echo brought me up, and giving my poor beast a stinging blow, I emitted the wild, long, fierce yell of the border rangers, and sped on again; but my horse had that peculiar squirm now and then in his gait that told me he was faltering. Again that echo reached me, swelling out on the rising wind-it was the shrill squeal of the fife and the rum-diddle um, did e um-dum-dum, of infantry returning from some expedition to Fort

Again I sent out that long, wild, bo der vell, and I knew by the quicker breathing of the fife, and the rapid puls ing of the drum, that the soldiers had could spring out. I was behind the cask broken into the "double quick" in heed

A parting shot fired at random, and the two desperadoes turned, but one of them at least. I was not done with. called my horse with a peculiar whistle; I repeated and repeated it, and then I heard him crashing again in pursuit, while his rider shouted and lashed him, and tried to pull him round the other ed and roared at her, but my incessant, knowledge. The horses of the three fruitless struggle and leaped from her Will should be asked to walk on it renegades—my own, which had been re-back when a squad of infantry dashed first. The proposal was made to him. tained by the hostler at the inn, among over a billowy swell of prairie, and "Though I'm daft, I'm no ill bred," of the door, where the moonlight, strik- measured run, which is so effective in ing by the end of the cabin, rested fully contrast with a disorderly gait.

"It's Wolf, boys," I exclaimed, as they came up with me-for I knew his voice. and face and I found these sticky with dipper full of liquor she had mixed; I been clearly proven that he had stirred looking negro for the King.

massacre of the selflers; and a dozen of them attering a yell of fury, started in pursuit; while the others, noticing my swaying about on the animal which i rode, began to think that I had found something in the race for life. In fact the pain was rising and falling and shut fling about so that it took a great amoun of nerve and equipoise to sit as I ought. They got me into Fort Laramie however with Uncle Sam's promissory notes al

safe in my breast pocket: with my boot

all of blood, and the galling flesh wounds

my shoulder accounted for the odd

manoeuverings of the plain while I was Bill Wolf was brought in, and passed over to the proper officers "to have and old," until there should be meted out to him the measure which he had given

THE WADE HAMPTONS. Among the few splendid mansion pared by the army of Sherman, still tands the old Hampton house, built by the head of the family, a soldier of the revolutionary war and of the war of 1812. He was the first Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. Springing originally from the Cavaliers of England, who filled the world with their fame, and whose descendants still walk the earth as its highest type of genius, his imme diate ancestors settled in Virginia, and from thence he came to South Carolina

The mansion and its grounds occupy ne square, or four acres of the city The house is of the old style of archi tecture. I have seen hundreds of others in the South presenting a much fine external appearance. But the chief attraction of the place is its shrubberyits rare trees and exotics. It looks like an earthly paradise.

He was twice married. By his first wife son was born to him, whom he called Wade. Two or three daughters were the result of his second marriage John S. Preston married his daughter Caroline, and ex-Governor Manning married his daughter Susan. He accumulated a vast estate around him, and is said to have owned one thousand slaves, 1 have often, when a boy, heard old people say that he owned so many slaves that he did not know them when he met them, and that they were constantly in troducing themselves to him. But be this as it may, when he died he left all

When the successor to the house and to the estate read the will be did what few men ever did before or since. He tore it in a hundred pieces and then made an exact and equal division of all his fathers's property between himself As soon as the war of 1812 broke out

this Wade Hampton offered his sword to General Jackson, and was assigned a position on his staff. He was one of his aids at the battle of New Orleans Like his father, he was thrifty and add ed greatly to the estate, making purchases of large tracts of land in the valley of the Mississippi, which even yet remain in the family, I believe. His step-mothor lived to a great old age, and did not die until some time just before or during the late war between the States.

The third Wade Hampton is the one living to day, who so distinguished himself during the Confederate war. He has been twice married, and is now a widower. His first wife was a Miss Preston. By this marriage three sons were born-Wade, Christopher and Frank. His son Wade served on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnson, Preston was on the staff of his father, and was killed by his side. His second wife was a daughter of Senator McDuffle.

SALOON LEGISLATION.

The first fruits of saloon legislation nave ripened, and the Senate has plucked its cluster. That body, on Wednesday of last week, passed the bill to so amend the Adair law as to require notice to be given to the saloon-keeper before action can be commenced under the law. No person who is not married to the saloon nterest need hesitate to pronounce this amendment a glaring fraud, and a flagrant outrage upon the population of our commonwealth. The only object of this amendment is to kill the Adair law. but preserve its rattling skeleton as a retense. Why add to the burdens and prostrating toils of the drunkard's wife, y requiring that no liquor seller can be made liable for the injuries he causes to her family, unless she shall first serve legal notice upon him? Aside from the gnominious principle at the foundation of such a law, there are physical obstacles, which may prevent many suffering victims from complying with its conditions, and all such will be left to the mercy of fate, without the slightest means of protection or redress.

So thoroughly and minutely has this feature been discussed in all the details of its operations that no one needs to be informed upon any part of it. It seeks to build up about the saloon a wall of protection that shall be invulnerable to the assaults of those who advocate safety and sobriety. But look at the logic of such a law.

The criminality of the traffic is not in the sale or furnishing of liquor to drunkards, except in such instances as when notice has been served. The declaration of the law would be that only furnishing contrary to notice is wrong. With such a law upon our statute books, saloons will multiply and thrive, and be beyond reach of harm; the innocent victims of the great curse will be fettered by law, and rendered helpless to do any thing for their own protection, and scciety can stand by mute and powerless.

WILL HAMILTON, the half-wit of Ayr, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch which was partially frozen. Three young rushed down towards us at that steady, quickly responded Will. "After you, leddies."

MRS. LAING, an Omaha woman, glided softly up behind King Kalakana and-I had no need to tell them that there | stole a kiss! But the joke of the thing THE STREETS OF HELL.

BY REV. R. T. CROSS.

In 1870 there were in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street, with saloons on each side, allowing twenty feet to each, they would make a street 265 miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me, if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in What army is this that comes marching

lown in solid column, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 5,-000,000 men and women who daily go to the saloons for intoxicating drinks .-Marching twenty miles a day, it will take them more than twenty-eight days to go by. Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and sixty miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards, They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles long. Scan them closely. There are gray-haired men, and fair-haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army, sunk to deeper depths than men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by. It is a sad and sickening sight, but do not turn away yet, for here comes another army-one hundred thousand criminals. From jails, and prisons, and penitentaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood With ropes around their necks they are on their way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known by our law has been committed by them while under the influence of drink. But hark! Whence came those yells, and who are those bound with chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniaes, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl over their bodies, and flends from hell torment them before their time. -They are gone now, and we can breathe more easily. But what gloom is this per-

put thirty of their faneral procession into a mile. We thus have: A procession 3 333 miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to go by, for the funeral processions move slowly. Yes, most of them do, but every now and then an uncofficed corpse in a rough eart is driven rapidly by, and we hear the brutal driver sing: 'Quick, rattle his bones, rattle his bones

vales the air, and what is that long line

the line of funeral processions. One hun-

dred thousand who have died the drunk-

ard's death are being carried to their

graves. Drunkards do not have many

friends to mourn their loss, and we can

Over the stones, He's only a purper whom nobally owns," Look into the coffin as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of delirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked in their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf, and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars.-They died in various ways, but strong drink killed them all, and on their tomb-

stones, "he died a drankard's death." Close behind them comes another long ilne of funeral processions; we know not how many, but they are more numerously atten led by mourning friends, They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foully murdered. Some were barned to death in buildings set on fire by drunkards, -Some were horriblymangled on railroads because of drunken engineers and fire men. Some were blown up on steamboats because drunken captains ran races with rival boats. But here comes another army-the children-innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? Two handred thousand march ing abreast, they extend up the street thirty miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being the drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice. Some of the children are mouning with hanger, and some are shivering with cold, for they have not rags to keep them warm .-Many of them are idiots, made such before they were born, by brutal drunken fathers, and worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor, and are growing up to take the place and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards, that move in unbroken colum'rs down to death. It has taken nearly a year to empty itself of its year's

But they cannot tell all. They give only the outline of the terrible trage dy that is going on around us. They cannot picture to us the wretched squal or of a drunkard's home. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused, otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers, to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upor those whom it is his duty to love and cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes which the fair young bride had of the long, weary hours of the night during the door. FIGURES CANNOT TELL

us how many scalding tears the wives of prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mother's hearts | icle.

have been broken with grief as they se a darling son becoming a drunkard.-How the Name Originated and Who First Distilled It. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the It was during the latter part of Washrave, mourning over drunken children agton's last administration that the They cannot tell us how many hard noted whisky rebellion of Pennsylvania fought battles the drunkard in his sober ioments, has fought with his terrible aptook place. At that time the mountain sses of the Alleghenies west of what

petite; how many times he has walked the room in despair, tempted to commit suicide, because he could not conquer the demon. And finally, we cannot search the records of the other world, and tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place, where no drunkard en ters, and banished to the regions of eter nal despair by the demon of drink. What man, what woman, what child

would not vote to have the whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff. unk to the lowest depths of perdition. and covered ten thousand fathous deep under the curses of the universe!

BLOOD DISEASES. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical apabilities how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile, festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon im portant organs, as the lungs, liver or kidneys the effect is most disastrons Hence it behooves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nos trums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it on the contrary there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure: but what he does claim is this that there is but one form of blood dis ease that it will not cure, and that discase is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden Dis covery is marranted by him to care the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerof black coming down the street? It is ated Sores of Neck, Legs or other parts, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belongs to Scrofulous diseases. Confirmed Hip Joint Disease Cured.

W. GROVE STATION, Ia., July 14, 1872. Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. V.

Dear Sir-My wife first became lar nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that ime there are several openings. Have tend five doctors at an expense of \$125. who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16th, 1873, he writes thus: My

still wilder Indians. It was twenty miles to the nearest fort. rife has certainly received a great ben fit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when the long winter in the wilderness was she commenced using it, a year ago. over, they, having during the meantime She has been doing most of her work for cleared away a few acres, planted a patch over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is of corn. An abundant harvest greeted considered as almost a miraele, and w them for their labor. The "still" havattribute it all to the use of your valuing been erected, it was put into operaable medicine. I can cheerfully rec tion, and then it was that the first whis mend it as a blood purifier and strength J. M. ROBINSON. ky ever manufactured in Kentucky, or Discovery is sold by druggists. in the Mississippi Valley, was made.

PURK EXPRESSIONS.—Every word that falls from the lips of mothers and sisters especially should be pure and con cise and simple; not pearls such as fall from the lips of a princess, but sweet, good words, that little children can gather without fear of soil, or any regret or pain through all their life. Children should be taught the frequent use of good, strong, expressive words-words but mean exactly what they should express in their proper places. If a child, or young person, has a loose, flung-together way of stringing words when en eavoring to say something, he should be made to "try again," and see if he sannot do better. It is painfut to hear many girls' talk. They begin with "My goodness!" and interlard it with "s sweet!" and "so-queenly!" and so many phrases that one is tempted to believe they have no training at all, or else their nothers were very foolish women. There nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of ill-bred girls; one is provoked often into taking a paper and reading and letting them ripple and gurgle on, like brooks that flow they know not whither. My heart warms with love for ensible girls and pure boys; and after all, if our girls and boys are not this, I fear it is not our own fault-for this great trust rests in the hearts and hands of the woman of our land. If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we shall infuse the right spirit into those around

HOW MR. LINCOLN FORCAVE HI An editor of a weekly paper published n a little village in Misouri, called at the White House, and was admitted to Mr. Lincola's presence. He told Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first suggested his name for the Presidency, and pulled from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that annonneement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editoe Othe suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by the other papers, and the result was your nomnation and election." "Ah! well," said Mr Lincoln with a

igh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and know this, but you will have to excuse the future has been blasted and turned | ma; I am just now going to the War Dato bitterest gall. They cannot number | partment to see Mr. Stanton." "Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with which she has anxiously waited, and yet, | you." The President; with that apt fearfully dreaded the heavy foot-fall at | good nature so characteristic of him, took up his hat and said, "Come along."

When they reached the door of the Secretary's office, Mr. Lincoln turned to | diate out from a common center, generdrunkards have shed, nor how many his companion and said, "I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand, | hundred miles long, from one to three cannot tell us how many mothers have he continued, "Good by: I hope you worn out body and soul in providing the | will feel perfectly easy about having necessities of life for children, whom a nominated me; dont be troubled about was a price set upon his head, as it had is that the Omaha wags passed off a good drunken father has left destitute. They it; I torgive you,"-Washington Chron-

Steam Printing Office.

THOSE who recognize the magic power of printers ink, (and all successful business men do,) are informed that we have refitted our office, which is now farmished with the latest and most beautiful styles of type, Taylor Mammoth Brunc Cylinder, Nonparell Half Medium and Gordon (latest improved) Presses, run by steam, under the supervision of an experienced and careful foreman, and together with our low rents added to the fact that we see steam power, gives us a great advantage

JEFFERSONIAN

Fine Job Work a Specialty.

Sundan Reading.

What better poetry have we now-a-days han the following, written by Paul Flemning, in 1809: • Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,

Or too regretful. Be still-What God hath ordered must be right; Then find it in thine own delight. My will.

Why shouldst then fill to-day with sorrow, About to-morrow, My heart? One watches all with care most true.

Doubt not that he will give thee, too Thy part Only be steadfast; never waver,

Nor seek earth's favor, But rest; Thou know at what Gop's will must be For all his creatures, so for thee,

Good Advice.

The best

"We are a young married couple with two children. Before marriage we were both fond of society. Now, our means being reduced, I am not able to dress, so that I have slipped out of society. I am very happy at home, but I want, too. He is away all day at the city, except of venings, and occasionally all night, so that I see very little of him, and it grows worse and worse. During my last coninement he was away very often at roung people's parties, though I begged of him not to go. He says he gets but little recreation; I get none. We never have a disagreement: he is certainly the best and kindest of men, and we love each other dearly. Am I unreasonable?"

You do right not to quarrel. This would not make home attractive. We wish it had been your husband who asked us about the propriety of his conduct. We should have said: "Young man, you are making one of the greatest errors of life. You are doing what must, in time, wean from you one of the most faithful of wives. Your admiring friends do not love you; but she would die for you. When at last she has grown weary of caring for your children alone, and has besome peevish and discontented, nervous, dejected and discouraged, you will see that no fool made so poor a bargain since the world was made. You do not mean to he heartless but you are ernel, and if you go on in this selfish and cruel social desertion of your wife, you-pleasant and witty young fellow that you are, mountains. Among this number was a We beg pardon for harsh words-but this answer is not meant for one husband, but hundreds. We say to every one of such men-you are in a fair way to be a wife-murderer. You are killing a loving heart by inches. You have selfishly and thoughtlessly betrayed the moval, the "still." Two years later confidence of a woman who did not mer-(this was about the fall of 1796), he and ry you expecting to be left in solitude. his family, consisting of his wife and -Christian Union.

There was a heathen king once, named Philip of Macedon, and a very wise king he was, though he was a heathen, and one of the wisest of his plans was this He had a slave, whom he ordered to come to him, every morning of his life, whatever he was doing, and say to him in a loud voice, "Philip, remember that thou must die!" He was a heathen, but a great many who call themselves Chris tians are not half so wise as he, for they take all possible care not to remember that they must die, but to forget that they must die; and yet every living man has a servant who, like King Philip's, puts him in mind, whether he likes it or not, that his day will run out at last, and his twelve hours of life will be over, and then die he must. And who is that servant? A man's own body. Happy for him though if his body is his servantnot his master and his tyrant. But still, be that as it may, every finger-ache that one's body has, every cough and cold one's body entehes, ought to be to us a warning, like King Philip's servant, 'Remember that thou must die." Every little pain and illness is a warning, a kindly hint from our Father in Heaven that we are doomed to death; that we have but twelve hours in this short day of life, and that we must get our work done and our accounts settled, and be ready for our long journey.

DURING the past year the Baptist demination has acquired fifty associaations, 990 churches, 755 ordained ministers, and 125,632 members, making the present grand totals, 943 associations, 21,510 churches, 13,354 ordained minis fers, and 1,761,171 church members, of whom 102, 496 were baptised during the present year. Mr. Macarthur, of the Cavalry Baptist Church, New York, states that the Baptist denomination has to-day about 8,000 more churches than there are ministers, and makes a strong appeal for aid for the theological students, at Rochester, Hamilton, and Greenville, S. C.

AID THE POOR -- We sometimes wish en would act twice as loud as they profess, especially when poverty, distress and squalid misery are so great in the world. The times are very hard in some quarters. Many are out of employment, Many are too poor to provide for the stern rigors of winter. Will not Christians temper the winds for these shorn lambs? Can they tell Jesus how much they love Him, and not do so? "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Watchman and Reflector.

HONESTY. -There is no man, but for air oan interest, bath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the oblest fame, to be honest.

GENEROSTET during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or four CHARITY is never lost: it may meet

with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

Who is wise? He that is teachable, Who is mighty! He that conquers himself Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth been formed by vast eruptions and up-